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## Templars' House, at Hackney.



THE first mention we find of the village of Hackney (which our country readers, perhaps, need scarcely be told is in the suburbs of London), is in the year 1253. About forty years afterwards, in the year 1300, the village is recognised in a license, preserved in the Tower, to erect a guild to the Holy Trinity and the Virgin Mary, granted to Henry Sharp.

At this village the Knights Templars had one of their stations; and their house, of which we give a view, still remains. It is situated at the upper end of Church-street, nearly opposite to Dalston-lane.

It is an extraordinary circumstance, that all our endeavours to discover the history of this building, though so conspicuous in its situation, and so interesting in its appearance, have, as far as relates to the two last centuries, been fruitless. All that has happened to it, or in it, during so long a period, our most diligent local inquiries have not been able to rescue from oblivion. Latterly we know that it has been occupied by Mr. Wright, a wine-merchant, and used as a tavern. There are many who recollect the meetings upon public business, &c. held in this house, which were afterwards transferred to the Mermaid Tavern. Of

late years it was let out in tenements; and upwards of twenty families, at one time, resided in it.

To the crusades the world is indebted for the orders of knighthood, of which that of the Knights Templars was one of the first and most distinguished. The generous Templars confined not their benevolence within the narrow limits of family or national connection. Christianity and misfortune were the only cements which attached them to any.

The number of the Templars was at first only nine, Hugo de Pagannes, or Payennes, Geoffry de St. Aldemars, and seven whose names are not known. In the year 1117 or 1119, they went as Pilgrims to the Holy Land, when Baldwin II. was king. When they arrived at Jerusalem, they were so much shocked at the terrible distress of the Christian inhabitants, that they engaged themselves by oaths of the most solemn nature, to protect and succour the helpless and distressed. They applied to king Baldwin for permission to form themselves into a fraternity, and dwell in Jerusalem.—Baldwin approved of their petition, and with the sanction of Pope Honorius II., they were formed into an order

Their rules and habits being settled, they began to consider what services they could render mankind. Being informed that in the town of Zaft there resided many thieves, who molested the pilgrims that resorted to the Holy Sepulchre, they resolved to disperse them. For this purpose the king of Jerusalem gave them lodgings in his palace, near the Holy Sepulchre, and near the place where Solomon's Temple once stood, whence they were called *Templars*; and in old records are styled, *Fratres Militie Templi Solomonis*. For the first nine years, they were reduced to great poverty; but as they fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and healed the sick, their virtues became renowned; many persons entered their order, and left them estates which rendered them wealthy. When the Templars first settled in England, they built a temple in Holborn; but in the reign of Henry II., finding this inconvenient, they built another in Fleet-street, from the model of that which they had at Jerusalem.

The Templars at length became numerous, and famous for their valour, fighting the infidels by sea and land; and such was once the general opinion of their honour and fidelity, that any grounds, territories, or castles, which were objects of dispute, were committed to the care of the Knights Templars. So many princes and great men left them fortunes, that they possessed at last sixteen thousand lordships in Europe.

Amongst the rules for preserving the honour of the order, it was ordained, that a Templar should be legitimate, and noble in arms and family, for three descents. The spirit of the order is well exhibited in the answer of their Grand Master, Odo St. Amand, to Saladin. In one of the battles of the crusades, the Grand Master took the nephew of Saladin prisoner. Shortly afterwards, Saladin made a captive of Odo, to whom he offered his liberty, on condition that he would restore his nephew. Odo replied, that he would never set his brethren the example of surrendering themselves prisoners, in hopes of being ransomed; that it was the duty of a Templar to vanquish or die; and that he had nothing to give for his ransom but his knife and his girdle.

When the order of the Templars was abolished, all their possessions near the metropolis were granted to the priory of St. John of Jerusalem, Clerkenwell; the holy brotherhood of which, though they disclaimed the military and political pursuits of their predecessors, continued their ecclesiastical establishments, and even improved upon their system.

As the estate of the Hospital, as it was termed, of St John of Jerusalem, was by these means so much increased, the house in Clerkenwell was about this time erected; and from the circumstance of one gate of the priory still remaining, we may, in comparing the original style of the mansion which we are contemplating with that, be induced to believe that it had the same founders.

At the dissolution of the Priory, all the estates annexed to it were granted to lay possessors. That at Hackney is recorded to have fallen to the share of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who, in 1535, conveyed it to Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor, for the king's use, though it appears that the Earl occasionally resided there until his death, which happened two years after.

This house was unquestionably included in the Hackney estate thus surrendered to the Crown, and probably about this time re-edified; which may solve the difficulty that occurs with respect to some parts of the building appearing, if we look back to the first period of the possession of the holy brotherhood, comparatively modern. From the pilasters and semi-circular arch in the front, we may be led to believe that the designer had seen Italian architecture; but of this kind of imitation of a style which the religious intercourse with Rome must have rendered familiar, there are many instances even antecedent to the age of Henry VIII.; and it is curious to observe, that they were generally introduced as additions to, or ornaments of, the Saxon or Gothic buildings.

The Templars' House at Hackney almost faces a house which was once the residence of John Ward, Esq. M. P.; a gentleman who has by Pope been assigned to an infamous kind of celebrity in company with

———"Waters, Charters, and the Devil."

He is said to have assisted Sir John Blunt in eluding the inquiry of Parliament respecting *South Sea* acquisitions; and although he stood in the pillory the 17th of March, 1727, and suffered under immense penalties, he still retained more than a *plum*; consequently he was, in the 'Change-alley dialect, a *Good Man*.

#### MAXIMS.

SATIETY and disgust are the inevitable consequences of a continual chase after pleasure.

Activity animates a wilderness, transforms a cell into a world, bestows immortal fame on the calm philosopher in



## BELL RINGING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—If any of your numerous correspondents would inform me of the origin of the terms "Grand-sire" and "Bob Major," as applied to two particular peals of bells, it would greatly oblige

Your obedient servant,

August 30, 1834.

LYRA.

## PATIENCE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Being lately on business at the Colonial Office, in Downing-street, waiting (for, *moræ manet omnes*, who enter there) till I could have a hearing, I sought to drown *ennui*, by some amusement, and soon was enabled to do so, since others, who had waited there before me, had vented their sighs in rhymes on the window-shutters. Among the inscriptions was the following effusion, with its answer, both of which I transcribed, hoping that they might be deemed worthy of insertion in the MIRROR.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
August 23, 1834. G. L.

\* The patience of Job to tire,  
I've surely waited long enough;  
To warm my nose there is no fire  
Alas, that I forgot my snuff!"

ANSWER.

\* Alas, my poor fellow,  
I pity your case!  
That thus you are plagued  
With a nose on your face!  
For if you had none  
It is certain enough,  
It could not be cold,  
And you would not want snuff."

## HYDROPHOBIA.

The following article has appeared in the *Hamburg Correspondent*:—

"The plant (*Alisma Plantago*, *Linnaeus*) which is successfully employed as a cure for the hydrophobia, grows in water, either in marshes, lakes, or ponds. It has a capillary root resembling that of an onion. The plant continues under water until the month of June, at the commencement of which, or even during the month of May, in a warm temperature, from five to seven detached sprouts, of a long convex form, shoot from beneath the water. These sprouts have a long, reddish bark, and are each provided with a pointed, smooth and deep coloured leaf. In the month of June, a stalk appears with a round green root, resembling that of asparagus. This stalk shoots from beneath the water, sometimes with, and sometimes without leaves. It is divided into several sprigs without leaves, at the extremity of each, of which, is a small

trefoil flower, of a pale red colour, which afterwards contains the seed. This plant is in blossom during the whole of the summer season. The latter end of August is the fittest time to gather it. It is made use of in the following manner:—One large root, or two or three small ones, are first well washed and dried in the shade. They are then reduced to powder and strewed upon bread and butter, and in this way administered to the patient. On the second, or at the most the third trial, this remedy will destroy the virus of the madness, however violent it may be, even when the symptoms of hydrophobia have already appeared. This root operates with equal efficacy on dogs which have been bitten, as well as on mad dogs. During an interval of twenty-five years, this specific has constantly been found an infallible preservative against madness. It has cured individuals, in whom this disease had acquired so decided a character, that they attacked and bit all who came near them; and no symptoms of relapse were ever observable. Numerous cures have been effected, particularly in the government of Zulu."

T. A. C.

## FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

SAY mighty love and teach my song  
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,  
And who the happy pairs  
Whose yielding hearts and joining hands  
Find blessings twisted with their bands,  
To soften all their cares?

Not the mild herds of nymphs and swains  
That thoughtless rush into the chains  
As custom leads the way:  
If there be bliss without design,  
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,  
And be as blessed as they.

Not sordid minds of earthly mould,  
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold  
To dull embraces move;  
So two rich mountains of Peru  
May rush to wealthy marriage too,  
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires,  
With wanton flames these raging fires  
The purer bliss destroys.  
On Etna's top let furies wed,  
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,  
To improve the burning joys.

Not the dull pairs whose marble forms,  
None of the melting passions warm,  
Can mingle hearts and hands:  
Logs of green wood that quench the coals  
Are marry'd, I vow, like steele souls,  
With oars for their hands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,  
Still silent or that still complain,  
Can the dear bondage bloom;  
As well may heavenly concerts spring  
From two old hutes with never a string,  
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold  
Two jarring souls of angry mould  
The rugged and the keen.  
Sampson's young foxes might as well  
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell  
With firebrands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind  
A gentle to a savage mind,  
For love abhors the sight.  
Loose the fierce tiger from the door,  
For active rage and active fear  
Rise and forbid the sight.  
Two kindest souls alone must meet,  
Th' friendship makes their union sweet,  
And feeds their mutual loves.  
Bright Venus on her rolling throne  
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,  
And Cupid yokes the doves.

## GARRICK'S FIRST PLAY-BILL.

WHEN Garrick quitted Ipswich, where he played a few nights in a provincial company, he repaired to London; but it appears that he was unable to obtain an engagement at any of the great houses. He was then obliged to join the company in Goodman's Fields, who, to evade being sent to prison as rogues and vagabonds for acting without a license, presented plays to their audience gratis, charging them only for the concerts. Here it was that the British Roscius, trembling between hope and fear, made his first bow as *King Richard*. The applause which he received was tumultuous; the public caught with admiration the brilliant sparks of genius which he emitted, and with their fostering hand bore him triumphantly along the current of popularity; they placed him at the very head of his profession, and made him an object of wonder and admiration to the whole world. The following copy of the bill which announces his first appearance is curious:

"*Goodman's Fields, Oct. 19, 1741.*—At the Theatre in Goodman's Fields, this day, will be performed a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, divided into two parts.—Tickets at 3, 2, and 1 shilling.—Places for the boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, next the Theatre.—N.B. Between the two parts of the Concert will be presented an historical play, called the *Life and Death of King Richard III.*; containing the distresses of King Henry VI.; the artful acquisition of the crown by King Richard; the murder of young King Edward V. and his brother in the Tower; the landing of the Earl of Richmond, and the death of King Richard in the memorable battle of Bosworth-field, being the last that was fought between the houses of York and Lancaster; with other true historical passages. The part of King Richard by a Gentleman\*, (who never appeared on any stage); King Henry, Mr. Giffard; Richmond, Mr. Marshall; Prince Edward, Miss Hippley; Duke of York, Miss Naylor, &c. &c.—With an entertainment of Dancing, &c.—To which will be added, a ballad

\* Garrick.

N 3

opera, in one act, called *The Virgin Unmasked*. Both of which will be performed by persons gratis for diversion.—The concert to begin at six o'clock exactly."

## THE ARCH OF TITUS,

A PRIZE POEM.

Recited in the Theatre, at Oxford, on Wednesday, June 30, 1824, by the Author, M<sup>s</sup>. J. T. Hors, of Christ Church.

LIVES there no trophy of the hero's fame,  
No proud memorial to record his name,  
Whose vengeful sword o'er Israel's fated land  
Stamp'd iron bondage with a conqueror's hand?  
Beneath yon sacred hills imperial mound,\*  
With ruin'd shrines and fallen columns crown'd?  
Where Rome's dread genius guards each mouldering stone,  
The cradle of her empire, and her throne;  
Titus, thy Arch proclaims the peaceful sway  
Of taste, ennobling triumph's proudest day;  
Survives, the Forum's grandeur to recall,  
And weep deserted o'er its country's fall.  
Though dimm'd the outline now, not time o'er-  
throws  
Th' unrival'd grace which in each fragment  
glows;  
And genius beaming through each ruin'd part,  
Displays the glories of immortal art,  
With mingling beauties crown'd † the columns  
tower,  
Iona's graceful curve, and Corinth's flower,  
And tapering as they rise aloft in air,  
The sculptur'd frieze and volute tablet bear:  
From o'er each column Fame ‡ exulting springs,  
Seems stretch'd for fight, and waves her golden  
wings:  
Yet linger not! within the circling space,  
The storied walls more radiant beauties trace,  
In warlike pomp the triumph's rich array §  
Leaps from the living marble into day.  
High on his car the victor borne along,  
Hears with exulting heart th' applauding throng;  
With sparkling eye surveys the sacred spoil,  
And feels one hour o'erpay long years of toil.  
Lo! Judah's swarthy sons before the car,  
The wither'd remnant of disease and war!  
Rebellious passions light their faded cheek,  
And all the bitter pangs they dare not speak,  
And shall these trophies from his temple turn,  
The living God, some idol shrine adorn?  
Shall we, shall Aaron's sons no more rejoice,  
Nor breathe yon trump with conquest's silver  
voice, ¶  
From Salem's holy mountain heard afar,  
In days of festal gladness and of war?  
Is then the seven-branch lustre sunk in night,  
Which shed o'er Israel's fate mysterious light?  
Or shall its golden lamps with heathen fame  
Gleam as in scorn to point at Zion's shame?  
Yes, it is quenched! till Judah's captive maid,  
Wake from her woes beneath the palm-tree  
shade,  
Recall her wandering sons, abjure her pride,  
And bless the anointed king she crucified!  
Th' unfaded crown of David's glory claim,  
Yon Arch o'erthrown, and Rome itself a name.

\* The Arch is situated at the foot of the Palestine hill.

† The building is of the Composite order, and one of the most ancient and beautiful specimens.

‡ The two winged figures, apparently representing Fame.

§ The triumphal procession of Titus is sculptured on the walls in the interior.

¶ Among the sacred ornaments are still to be seen the golden candlestick, the silver trumpets, &c. Vide Numbers, chap. x. ver. 8, 9, 10.

## The Selector;

OR,  
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM  
NEW WORKS.

### ROYAL RECEPTION AT ASHANTEE.

As I approached the avenue where the king was seated, the martial instruments surrounding the throne suddenly burst upon the hearing in heavy peals, and the household slaves advanced, flourishing their scimitars over my head with menacing violence. This threatening ceremony was directed with renovated vigour as I advanced to take the king's hand; for the music ceased, and the guards retired from the presence, and I was quietly permitted to pay my respects. The king extended his hand with great complacency, yet with a dignity that created admiration and respect, for it was even more than national. The features of the monarch were placid, yet serious, with the exception of his eyes, which seemed rivetted in good-natured admiration, although they were not permitted to convey this feeling to the muscles of his face. The salutation murmured by the sovereign was re-echoed by an officer in attendance, and reported to me as follows:—"Sai thanks the gods he sees you, and the other white men, and all your people."

The royal chair was a specimen of some ingenuity, yet the workmanship was rude. Its arms and legs were carved from the solid into grotesque forms, and embossed with little ornamental casts of gold. Several cabocers in waiting were decorated with massive gold breast-plates, chains of the same metal, and solid lumps of rock-gold, of the weight, perhaps, of a pound or more each. The royal messengers stood behind the sovereign, shouldering by the blades large crooked sabres, the emblems of their offices, and displaying the reversed hilts, cased in thin gold sheeting. In another position, at the back of the king's chair, a select few stood erect as guards, and were armed with common English muskets in gold casing, and habited in grotesque apparel, which consisted of a large helmet or plume of feathers of the Argus bird, sloping backward over the head, in form not very unlike those which, according to history, were worn by the inhabitants of America, and particularly in the empire of Mexico, by the warriors of that nation. In front of the plume was an arching pair of rams' horns, cased in gold, and attached by the centre to several charms and amulets, neatly sheathed in morocco leather. A skull-cap united the whole, and a long tiger's tail flowed

down over a close-bodied jacket, that concealed every part but the arms, in a perfect mail of magical charms, also richly ornamented in gold, silver, or stained leather. A simple covering of cloth, girded about the loins, fell half-way down the thigh, and left the rest of the body bare. In addition to guns, the weapons and accoutrements of these officers were bows, and a quiver of poisoned arrows, suspended from the back by a belt, which at the same time supported the weight of a string of case-knives, and a large powder-pouch. The most ludicrous part of the equipment consisted of a large gold, silver, or iron bell, suspended by a rope that girded the loins, and overhung the posteriors, causing at every movement a dull tinkling sound, like the pasturing bells used in Spain. Over these bells were suspended gold and silver epaulettes of European fabrication, more or less tarnished. Some of the officers wore small turbans of silk taffeta, or figured cotton and muslin, and beside were decently dressed in robes of various striped cotton, folded round the loins, and gracefully turned over the left shoulder, exactly as the hayk or albayk is worn by the Arabs of the western and southern deserts. The king was modestly habited in a large cloth or hayk of figured cotton, cast off from both shoulders, and resting negligently in loose folds, upon the loins and thighs. From his naked shoulder was suspended a thick silk plait or cord, to which were attached a string of amulets, cased in gold, silver, and silk. A massive gold chain encircled his waist, in the form of a zone, below the navel; and a variety of clumsy gold rings covered his fingers, thumbs, and toes. On the left knee he wore a bandage or fillet of silk, and plaited weed, interwoven with gold beads and amulets, terminating in a tasteful tassel, that hung as low as the calf of the leg.

As the position occupied by the king stood nearly in the centre of a large semicircle, above a moiety of the ceremony was still in reserve. The king, or tributary chief of Benna, a monarch subordinate to the sovereign of Ashantee, happened to be at this time at Coomassy, and was stationed at no great distance from his liege lord. His retinue was splendid and numerous, comprising, besides his own people, several moslems of inferior rank, and their slaves. The vassal prince was simply attired in an African cloth, decorated with amulets, &c., sheathed in gold and the skins of beasts. Gold rings ornamented his fingers and toes, and little fillets of gold and aggy beads encircled the thick parts of each arm. The incen-

sant din that occasionally reigned in all parts, naturally gave rise to a feeling of sincere contempt—disgust I may say, for the music of Ashantee, however grateful it would seem to have been to the auricular organs of Mr. Bowditch, whose harmonic taste is upon record in his work. The illustrious negro prince was seated upon a chair studded with silver coins, such as dollar and half-dollar pieces, which were rivetted against the framework, none being permitted to sit enthroned in gold but the “King of Kings.”

A warlike band, who guarded the person of this tributary, were martially habited in the skins of beasts, chiefly the hides of leopards and panthers: their weapons were bows and poisoned arrows, javelins, guns, sabres, clubs, and case-knives. Many were in a state of nudity, excepting the shim or girdle, three or four inches wide, that passed between the thighs, bracing round the loins and under the posteriors. Chieftains of rank, governors of provinces, and allies of the Ashantee empire, were next in order to the King of Banna, and the intervening space was occupied by caboccers, captains, and other officers of less note. At the expiration of two hours, I had the happiness to arrive at the extreme end of the crescent, where several of the king's ministers stood in waiting to receive and conduct me to a resting-place; this was a spot of clear ground, shaded on the margin by some tall trees.

After a suspense of some minutes' duration, the renewed discord of drums, gong-gongs, &c. in full concert, announced a movement on the part of the court. The clamour became more and more general, and its effect for an interval, deafening. The chiefs advanced at a tardy pace, followed in successive ranks by their vassal captains, personal attendants, and alaves, armed and equipped in their full military habits; some with iron chains suspended round the neck, others round the body in the form of a zone, while the men at arms belonging to the household establishments of each caboccer, brought up the rear in close embodied masses. Chiefs of the first class now arrived on the spot, and saluted with courtesy; the reserve of a first introduction was banished from every countenance. The band of each of these officers preceded the march, and was followed by a group of parasites, whose business it was to proclaim in hoarsest songs, the strong names of their masters. The howling of these heralds, the discordant din of war instruments, and the clamour of my guards, produced a chaos of harsh sounds, that would baffle the efforts of the pen to de-

scribe. The feelings of many of the caboccers, and especially those of a youthful deportment, were conspicuous, in defiance now and then of an affected serenity: their countenances from composure relaxed into smiles, and even a stifled laugh was more than once exacted by the persevering adulation of their attendants; but, not wholly forgetful of what was due to their own dignity, they frequently affected displeasure at the unblinking flattery with which they were assailed. As it may not be uninteresting to the reader, I shall give the translation of one of these songs, as my linguist interprets it:

“Where shall we find such a warrior as the strong and beautiful Apacoo Kudjo, whose eyes are like the panther in fight! O, great slave of the king, how you are beloved! your victories delight his ears. Who fought the Gamana, and killed the caboccer, Adouai? Apacoo Kudjo. Where are the women and the gold? Apacoo Kudjo has them. He is a rich man,—a mighty man! His enemies die when he is angry. He is invulnerable; his fetische (amulet) no man can look upon and live.”

The evening began to close in apace, yet still the pageant displayed unbroken ranks; and no movement had yet taken place in the king's retinue. The molems, accompanied by their captains, and headed by the bashaw under his canopy, advanced in order, and gave the salutation with a decorum peculiarly korannic. No barbarous music, no osseous relics, no gambols of the war-dance, no sycophants to sound poetic titles and achievements; even the courtly strut was softened down to a character, modest and reserved. The contrast was thus favourable to education, and the superior rank of these people in the classes of African society could not be more pre-eminently contrasted.

As the King of Banna approached, he silenced his band and sycophants together, by an authoritative wave of the hand—then advancing until he had gained a position exactly opposite to me, he snatched a scimitar from a youth in attendance, while his people formed a silent and distant circle. He then commenced an harangue, which by progressive degrees, degenerated into the most furious utterance, associated with rapid and vehement gestures, and flourishing of his weapon, within two or three paces of my feet. The bystanders, during the pause, gave a respectful attention to the discourse, frequently sympathized in the feelings of the orator, and oftentimes used soothing epithets, while the very eye-balls of the royal chief glanced with real or affected malignity; and the foam spouted from his

mouth as from that of an enraged maniac. At last he ceased speaking, and his countenance subsided into tranquillity, as he cast the scimitar upon the earth. His relaxed features even wore the semblance of a smile while he held me by the hand, saluted, and retired. The interruption gave no satisfaction to my guards, who, after this shadow of royalty was again fairly obscured in the crowd, applied their twigs very smartly to his peoples' shoulders and legs, in revenge for the detention, for we were by this time almost enveloped in darkness. The anxiety I felt to know the substance of the speech could not be gratified at the moment; but subsequently I minuted down the following particulars from the memory of the linguist, which I introduce in this place from its obvious connection.

"Ashantees, who is there so great, no good as Sai? No where can you see such a king. He says, destroy this country,—and it is a desert;—the people are killed with his shot and his powder. When he makes war, he is like the tiger. Can any one fight the tiger? How foolish, then, are those who say they hate this great king, and speak with arrogance; for if they cannot fight, what will become of them. They cannot go in the bush (northwards), for there is my country, Coransa, Takimah, and Bouroumy: all this belongs to Sai, he is king over all the kings, and all the people, and his foot stands upon every one's neck. If they run to Adiral river, it is the king's fetische, and will kill them. They cannot pass Tando river. What then? there is only the sea. Will not that kill them too? You know I fight for the king; he is my master, and I love him. I fought with Dinkera (late king of Gaman) and he died, and the people died. If the king bid me make war on any country, I must obey; he is the master, and I am the slave. If he desire me to go to Fantee, I swear the great oath, I will kill them all; I will cut up their bodies in pieces, and take out their hearts, and I will not let one live, because they are an insolent people. Now they hear Dinkera is dead, and they are frightened, and want to make a palaver between white men and the king, because they think he cannot then catch them. Is that reasonable? This white caboccer comes up to talk the palaver. If he comes with truth in his heart, and with friendly intentions, it is well; but if he tries to deceive and dishonour the king, it cannot be suffered; and I shall kill all these people\* and drink their blood, because they forget that they are the king's slaves, &c."

Dupuis's Ashantee.

\* The Fantees.

## FRENCH PRISONER IN LOVE.

THE following is a genuine copy of a letter addressed some years ago to a lady of fortune at Portsmouth, upwards of 60 years of age, by a French prisoner of war at Porchester Castle:—

"Porchester, Madam—Me rite de English very leet, and me am very fears you no saave vat me speak; but me be told dat you want one very fine mans for your husband; upon my soul me love you very well, and thou you be very old woman, and very cross, and very ugly, and all de devil, and the English no like you, upon my soul me have one grand passion for you, and me like you very well for all dat; and me be told dat de man for you must be one very clem man, and no love de drink, me be all dat; indeed me be one very grand man in France, upon my soul me be one count, me have one grand equipage in France, and me be very good for de esprit; indeed me be one grand beau a-la-mode, one officier in de regiment; me be very good for the Engleterre; indeed you be one very good old woman upon my soul; and if you have one inclination for one man, me be dat gentleman for you, one grand man for you; me will be your husband, and take de care for yourself, for de house, for de gardin, for de Schoff, for de drink, and for de little childre dat shall come; upon my soul me kill myself very soon, if you no love me for this grand amour. Me be Madam, your great slave, votre tres humble serviteur,

"PRES A BOIRE."

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### DESCRIPTION OF FORT MARLBOROUGH.

THE situation of Bencoolen, or Fort Marlborough, upon the western coast of Sumatra, is certainly one of the most picturesque which can be well imagined; and in many respects, as a magnificent *coup-d'œil*, far exceeds any view I have yet seen either in the eastern islands, which abound in beautiful scenery, or the upper provinces of Hindostan. A grand amphitheatre of lofty hills, piercing the lowering strata of clouds, with their craggy summits, recalls to the recollection of the spectator some of the finest spots of Alpine scenery discoverable in Europe; while that most singular geological formation, the Genong Beensks, or sugar loaf, not only stands separate as a prominent, unerring, and permanent mark to ships, but to the scientific eye distinctly exhibits the origin of those mountainous formations, in the stupen-

dous depositions which have descended from that prodigious flood of waters that formerly deluged the globe. This fine country is blessed with a soil boasting the highest fertility, and is evidently capable of bringing forth any vegetable production found in Hindoostan, and probably in Europe. In proof of this it may be mentioned, that potatoes, formerly unknown in the *Aurea Chersonesus* of the ancient geographers, have within the last few years been introduced into Sumatra, under the administration of Sir Stamford Raffles, with the most gratifying success. They are thriving in perfection, and not only equal to any procurable elsewhere, but now form an important article in the diet of the population. The nutmegs and spices, on account of which the settlement has been long celebrated, are cultivated to an extent, and thrive in a manner, of which I could not previously have entertained the slightest idea. Yet with all these advantages, not exceeded by any British settlement in the world, the appearance of Marlborough cannot be said to add any credit to the well-earned character, which our countrymen have generally acquired, for enterprise and persevering industry. It would therefore form a matter of singularly curious and interesting speculation, to enter into an inquiry regarding the causes which have conspired to retard the prosperity of Bencoolen; that have operated during the lapse of nearly a century and a half, to contract the principal seat of British power in the Malay countries, within limits scarcely exceeding the bounds of an ordinary English village, and are not twice the dimensions of those of the town of Singapore, that has been founded only since the year 1823; causes that have reduced its population, and have rendered the necessities of life scarcely procurable over a magnificent extent of territory capable of producing all that is required, and comprehending a settlement and possessions, to which, if proper attention were paid, that are clearly capable of completely recompensing our country for the loss of Java, and our other insular possessions, which a dash of the pen of his late Lordship of Londonderry so liberally bestowed upon the unmitigated enemies of our commerce, and would-be rivals, the Dutch.

*Asiatic Journal.*

#### THE MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER SON.

(For Music.)

My child was beautiful and brave!  
An opening flower of Spring—  
He moulders in a distant grave,  
A cold forgotten thing—

Forgotten! ay, by all but me,  
As e'en the best beloved must be—  
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

methinks 't had been a comfort now  
To have caught his parting breath,  
Had I been near, from his damp brow  
To wipe the dews of death—  
With one long, lingering kiss, to close  
His eye-lids for the last repose—  
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

I little thought such wish to prove,  
When cradled on my breast,  
With all a mother's cautious love,  
His sleeping lids I prest—  
Alas! alas! his dying head  
Was pillow'd on a colder bed—  
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

They told me victory's laurels wreathed  
His youthful temples round;  
That "Vict'ry" from his lips was breathed  
The last exulting sound—  
Cold comfort to a mother's ear  
Who long'd his living voice to hear!—  
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

E'en so thy gallant father died,  
When thou, poor orphan child!  
A helpless prattler at my side,  
My widow'd grief beguiled—  
But now, bereaved of all in thee,  
What earthly voice shall comfort me?—  
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!  
*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### THE ENGLISH AND THE AMERICANS COMPARED.

WE are an old people. The Americans are a new people. We value ourselves on our ancestry—on what we have done; they, on their posterity, and on what they mean to do. They look to the future; we to the past. They are proud of Old England as the home of their forefathers; we, of America, as the abiding-place of western Englishmen.

They are but of yesterday as a people. They are descended from those, whose burial-places are yet to be seen: we, from those, whose burial-places have been successively invaded by the Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, until they are no longer to be distinguished from the everlasting hills.

As a whole people, the Americans talk a better English than we do; but then, there are many individuals among us who speak better English than any American, unless we except, here and there, a well-educated New Englander; and a few eminent public speakers, like the late Mr. Pinkney, who was minister to this Court; and Mr. Wirt, the present attorney-general of the United States, who will probably succeed Mr. Rush in the same capacity; and, then, there are a multitude among us who speak better English than is common among the well-educated men of America, although they do not speak the best English, such as the few among us do.

I have heard a great deal said about the habits of cleanliness in England and

America; and I have sometimes laughed very heartily at the reciprocal prejudices of the English and American women.

I have heard an English woman complain of a beastly American for spitting into the fire; and I have heard an American woman express the greatest abhorrence of an Englishman, for spitting in his pocket-handkerchief; or, for not spitting at all, when he happened to mention that well-bred men swallowed their saliva. A spitting-box is a part of the regular furniture of every room in America, although smoking is now entirely out of fashion there.

An American will not scruple to pick his teeth or clean his nails, if he should think it necessary—any where, at any time—before a lady. An Englishman would sooner let them go dirty.

An American never brushes his hat—very rarely his coat; and his hair, not once a week. An Englishman will brush the first with his coat sleeve, or a silk handkerchief, whenever he puts it on or off: and the two latter, every time that he goes out. The American is laughed at for his personal slovenliness, in England, and the Englishman for his absurd anxiety, in America. Such is national prejudice.

The Englishman is more of a Roman; the American more of a Greek, in the physiognomy of his face and mind, in temper and in constitution. The American is the vainer; the Englishman the prouder man of the two. The American is volatile, adventurous, talkative, and chivalrous. The Englishman is thoughtful, determined, very brave, and a little sullen. The Englishman has more courage; the American more spirit. The former would be better in defence; the latter in attack. A beaten Englishman is formidable still; a beaten American is good for nothing, for a time.

The countenance of the Englishman is florid; not sharply, but strongly marked, and full of amplitude, gravity, and breadth; that of an American has less breadth, less gravity, less amplitude, but more vivacity, and a more lively character. The expression of an Englishman's face is greater; that of the American, more intense.

In the self-satisfied, honest, hearty, and rather pompous expression of an English face, you will find, when it is not caricatured, a true indication of his character. Other people call him boastful, but he is not. He only shews, in every look and attitude, that he is an Englishman, one of that extraordinary people, who help to make up an empire that never had, has not, and never will have, a parallel upon earth. But then he never tells other men

so, except in the way of a speech, or a patriotic newspaper essay.

And so, in the keen, spirited, sharp, intelligent, variable countenance of an American, you will find a correspondent indication of what he is. He is exceedingly vain, rash, and sensitive: he has not a higher opinion of his country than the Englishman has of his; but then, he is less discreet, more talkative, and more presumptuous; less assured of the superiority which he claims for his country; more watchful and jealous, and, of course, more waspish and quarrelsome, like diminutive men, who, if they pretend to be magnanimous, only make themselves ridiculous, and being aware of this, become the most techy and peevish creatures in the world.

The Englishman shews his high opinion of his country by silence; the American his, by talking; one by his conduct, the other by words; one by arrogance, the other by superciliousness.

The Englishman is, generally, a better, braver, and a nobler minded fellow, than you might be led to believe from his appearance. The face of an American, on the contrary, induces you to believe him, generally, a better man than you will find him.

But then, they are so much alike, or rather there are individuals of both countries so like each other, that I know many Americans who would pass every where for Englishmen, and many Englishmen who would pass any where for Americans. In heart and head they are much more alike, than in appearance or manners.

An Englishman, when abroad, is reserved, cautious, often quite insupportable, and, when frank, hardly ever talkative; not very hasty, but a little quarrelsome nevertheless; turbulent, and rather overbearing, particularly upon the continent. At home, he is hospitable, frank, generous, overflowing with honesty and cordiality, and given to a sort of substantial parade—a kind of old-fashioned family ostentation.

But the American is quite the reverse. Abroad he is talkative, noisy, imperious; often excessively impertinent, capricious, troublesome, either in his familiarity, or in his untimely reserve; not quarrelsome, but so hasty, nevertheless, that he is eternally in hot water. At home, he is more reserved; and, with all his hospitality, much given to ostentation of a lighter sort; substitute—finery and show.

An American is easily excited, and, of course, easily quieted. An Englishman is neither easily quieted, nor easily excited. It is harder to move the latter; but once in motion, it is harder to stop him.

One has more strength and substance; the other more activity and spirit. One has more mind, more wisdom, more judgment, and more perseverance; the other more genius, more quickness of perception, more adventurousness.

The Englishman's temper is more hardy and resolute; that of the American more intrepid and fiery. The former has more patience and fortitude; the latter more ardour. The Englishman is never discouraged, though without resources: the American is never without resources, but is often disheartened. Just so is it with the female character.

An American woman is more childish, more attractive, and more perishable; the English woman is of a healthier mind, more dignified, and more durable. The former is a flower, the latter a plant. One sheds perfume; the other sustenance. The English woman is better suited for a friend, a counsellor, and a companion—for the mother of many children, and for the partnership of a long life. But the American women, particularly of the south, is better fitted for love than counsel:—child-bearing soon destroys her. A few summers, and she appears to have been born a whole generation before her husband. An Englishwoman has more wisdom; an American more wit. One has more good sense; the other more enthusiasm. Either would go to the scaffold with a beloved one: but the female American would go there in a delirium; the Englishwoman deliberately, like a martyr. *Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### DEBATE UPON THE BACHELORS' TAX.

Our readers will remember Mr. Pitt's determination to lay a heavy tax upon bachelors; but perhaps they are not aware that a similar tax was attempted to be imposed at the close of last year, upon the worthy bachelors of Pennsylvania. A General Ogle originated this measure, and he proposed to lay the tax on all bachelors above twenty-five years of age, the proceeds to be set apart as a fund for the support of the widows and orphans of old soldiers.

The General moved the second reading of his resolution (or, as the Americans have it, "called for the second reading") on the 27th of December.—This was objected to seriously, as not only unfair but impolitic, on the ground that many of the married men had gone home to pay the compliments of the season to their wives. This remark caused a heavy sigh from one bench on which there happened to sit all the married men who remained.—That

sigh was no sign of a "merry Christmas" for them. The bachelors far outnumbered them, and it was expected reasonably enough that the former would carry the day. General Ogle, however, nothing daunted, expressed his confidence in the honour and gallantry of the bachelors, and the resolution was taken into consideration.—Mr. Roberts said, bachelors had mothers, sisters, &c. (aye! what an &c.!) dependent on them, and he thought men ought not—nay, they would not, be compelled to marry against their inclination. He had not married very early; "but," said he, "if I and my wife keep our healths, we have reasonable prospects of a tolerably numerous family!" Some of the bachelors laughed outright at this, as much as to say, we are very well without the burthen.—Mr. Brown hoped the unfortunate unmarried men would have no more evils forced upon them, for they were at best, wretched beings!—Mr. W. (a bachelor, in mighty indignation) "Wretched beings! Sir, I scorn the epithet. I would rather have a pair of feather breeches forced upon me, and be set to hatching eggs, than be married as some men are married!"—"We suppose nobody on this side of the Atlantic knows the wife of Mr. Brown.—It was here moved and carried, that the proceeds of the tax should go, not to the widows and orphans, but to the treasury.—Mr. Sterigere proposed to amend the resolution, by inserting the words "and widowers who never had children," so as to include them amongst the taxables as well as bachelors.—Mr. Ogle said, he never knew a widower to have a child; he had heard of a few instances of this kind amongst widows!—Mr. Wise thought bachelors pretty well taxed already. Here he read a section of the tax law, which enumerated as taxable, horses, cows, hogs, single freemen without occupation, geese and geldings! This raised another good laugh, as much as to say, "the single men have got into very strange company!" A committee of married men were then appointed to examine the subject; but as far as we can discover from subsequent papers, the bachelors carried the day. "Their &c.'s," one of the papers says, "overcame the Benedicts."

#### The Novelist.

No. LIX.

#### THE YOUNG ROBBER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

I WAS born at the little town of Frosinone, which lies at the skirts of the Abruzzi.

My father had made a little property in trade, and gave me some education, as he intended me for the church; but I had kept gay company too much to relish the cowl, so I grew up a loiterer about the place. I was a heedless fellow, a little quarrelsome on occasion, but good-humoured in the main! so I made my way very well for a time, until I fell in love. There lived in our town a surveyor or land-bailiff of the prince's, who had a young daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen: she was looked upon as something better than the common run of our townsfolk, and was kept almost entirely at home. I saw her occasionally, and became madly in love with her—she looked so fresh and tender, and so different from the sun-burnt females to which I had been accustomed.

As my father kept me in money, I always dressed well, and took all opportunities of showing myself off to advantage in the eyes of the little beauty. I used to see her at church; and as I could play a little upon the guitar, I gave a tune sometimes under her window of an evening; and I tried to have interviews with her in her father's vineyard, not far from the town, where she sometimes walked. She was evidently pleased with me, but she was young and shy: and her father kept a strict eye upon her, and took alarm at my attentions, for he had a bad opinion of me, and looked for a better match for his daughter. I became furious at the difficulties thrown in my way, having been accustomed always to easy success among the women, being considered one of the smartest young fellows of the place.

Her father brought home a suitor for her, a rich farmer, from a neighbouring town. The wedding-day was appointed, and preparations were making. I got sight of her at her window, and I thought she looked sadly at me. I determined the match should not take place, cost what it might. I met her intended bridegroom in the market-place, and could not restrain the expression of my rage. A few hot words passed between us, when I drew my stiletto and stabbed him to the heart. I fled to a neighbouring church for refuge, and with a little money I obtained absolution, but I did not dare to venture from my asylum.

At that time our captain was forming his troop. He had known me from boyhood; and, hearing of my situation, came to me in secret, and made such offers, that I agreed to enrol myself among his followers. Indeed, I had more than once thought of taking to this mode of life, having known several brave fellows of the

mountains, who used to spend their money freely amongst us youngsters of the town. I accordingly left my asylum late one night, repaired to the appointed place of meeting, took the oaths prescribed, and became one of the troop. We were for some time in a distant part of the mountains, and our wild adventurous kind of life hit my fancy wonderfully, and diverted my thoughts. At length they returned with all their violence to the recollection of Rosetta: the solitude in which I often found myself gave me time to brood over her image; and, as I have kept watch at night over our sleeping camp in the mountains, my feelings have been roused almost to a fever.

At length we shifted our ground, and determined to make a descent upon the road between Terracina and Naples. In the course of our expedition we passed a day or two in the woody mountains which rise above Frosinone. I cannot tell you how I felt when I looked down upon the place, and distinguished the residence of Rosetta. I determined to have an interview with her;—but to what purpose? I could not expect that she would quit her home, and accompany me in my hazardous life among the mountains. She had been brought up too tenderly for that; and when I looked upon the women who were associated with some of our troops, I could not have borne the thoughts of her being their companion. All return to my former life was likewise hopeless, for a price was set upon my head. Still I determined to see her: the very hazard and fruitlessness of the thing made me furious to accomplish it.

It is about three weeks since I persuaded our captain to draw down to the vicinity of Frosinone, in hopes of entrapping some of its principal inhabitants, and compelling them to a ransom. We were lying in ambush towards evening, not far from the vineyard of Rosetta's father. I stole quietly from my companions, and drew near to reconnoitre the place of her frequent walks. How my heart beat when among the vines I beheld the gleaming of a white dress! I knew it must be Rosetta's: it being rare for any female of the place to dress in white. I advanced secretly and without noise, until putting aside the vines, I stood suddenly before her. She uttered a piercing shriek, but I seized her in my arms, put my hand upon her mouth, and conjured her to be silent. I poured out all the frenzy of my passion; offered to renounce my mode of life; to put my fate in her hands, to fly with her where we might live in safety together. All that I could say or do would not pacify her. Instead of love,

horror and affright seemed to have taken possession of her breast. She struggled partly from my grasp, and filled the air with her cries.

In an instant the captain and the rest of my companions were around us. I would have given any thing at that moment had she been safe out of our hands, and in her father's house. It was too late. The captain pronounced her a prize, and ordered that she should be borne to the mountains. I represented to him that she was my prize; that I had a previous claim to her, and I mentioned my former attachment. He sneered bitterly in reply; observed that brigands had no business with village intrigues, and that, according to the laws of the troop, all spoils of the kind were determined by lot. Love and jealousy were raging in my heart, but I had to choose between obedience and death. I surrendered her to the captain, and we made for the mountains.

She was overcome by affright and her steps were so feeble and faltering that it was necessary to support her. I could not endure the idea that my comrades should touch her, and assuming a forced tranquillity, begged that she might be confided to me, as one to whom she was more accustomed. The captain regarded me, for a moment, with a searching look, but I bore it without flinching, and he consented. I took her in my arms, she was almost senseless. Her head rested on my shoulder; I felt her breath on my face, and it seemed to fan the flame which devoured me. Oh, God! to have this glowing treasure in my arms, and yet to think it was not mine!

We arrived at the foot of the mountain. I ascended it with difficulty, particularly where the woods were thick, but I would not relinquish my delicious burthen. I reflected with rage, however, that I must soon do so. The thoughts that so delicate a creature must be abandoned to my rude companions, maddened me. I felt tempted, with the stiletto in my hand, to cut my way through them all, and bear her off in triumph. I scarcely conceived the idea, before I saw its rashness; but my brain was fevered with the thought that any but myself should enjoy her charms. I endeavoured to outstrip my companions by the quickness of my movements, and to get a little distance ahead, in case any favourable opportunity of escape should present. Vain effort! The voice of the captain suddenly ordered a halt. I trembled, but had to obey. The poor girl partly opened a languid eye, but without strength or motion. I laid her upon the grass. The captain darted on me a terrible look of suspicion, and

ordered me to scour the woods with my companions in search of some shepherd, who might be sent to her father's to demand a ransom.

I saw at once the peril. To resist with violence was certain death, but to leave her alone, in the power of the captain! I spoke out then with a fervour, inspired by my passion and my despair. I reminded the captain that I was the first to seize her; that she was my prize, and that my previous attachment for her ought to make her sacred among my companions. I insisted, therefore, that he should pledge me his word to respect her, otherwise I should refuse obedience to his orders. His only reply was to cock his carbine, and at the signal my comrades did the same. They laughed with cruelty at my impotent rage. What could I do? I felt the madness of resistance. I was menaced on all hands, and my companions obliged me to follow them. She remained alone with the chief—yes, alone—and almost lifeless!—

Here the robber paused in his recital, overpowered by his emotions. Great drops of sweat stood on his forehead; he panted rather than breathed; his brawny bosom rose and fell like the waves of a troubled sea. When he had become a little calm, he continued his recital.

I was not long in finding a shepherd, said he. I ran with the rapidity of a deer, eager, if possible, to get back before what I dreaded might take place. I had left my companions far behind, and I rejoined them before they had reached one half the distance I had made. I hurried them back to the place where we had left the captain. As we approached I beheld him seated by the side of Rosetta. His triumphant look, and the desolate condition of the unfortunate girl, left me no doubt of her fate. I know not how I restrained my fury.

It was with extreme difficulty and by guiding her hand that she was made to trace a few characters, requesting her father to send three hundred dollars as her ransom. The letter was despatched by the shepherd. When he was gone, the chief turned sternly to me: "You have set an example," said he, "of mutiny and self-will, which, if indulged, would be ruinous to the troops. Had I treated you as our laws require, this bullet would have been driven through your brain. But you are an old friend; I have borne patiently with your fury and your folly. I have even protected you from a foolish passion that would have unmanned you. As to this girl, the laws of our association must have their course." So saying, he gave his commands: lots were drawn,

and the helpless girl was abandoned to the troop.

Here the robber paused again, panting with fury, and it was some moments before he could resume his story.

Hell, said he, was raging in my heart. I beheld the impossibility of avenging myself; and I felt that, according to the articles in which we stood bound to one another, the captain was in the right. I rushed with frenzy from the place; I threw myself upon the earth; tore up the grass with my hands, and beat my head and gnashed my teeth in agony and rage. When at length I returned, I beheld the wretched victim, pale, dishevelled, her dress torn and disordered. An emotion of pity, for a moment, subdued my fiercer feelings. I bore her to the foot of a tree, and leaned her gently against it. I took my gourd, which was filled with wine, and applying it to her lips, endeavoured to make her swallow a little. To what a condition was she reduced! she, whom I had once seen the pride of Frosinone; who, but a short time before, I had beheld sporting in her father's vineyard, so fresh, and beautiful, and happy! Her teeth were clenched; her eyes fixed on the ground; her form without motion, and in a state of absolute insensibility. I hung over her in an agony of recollection at all that she had been, and of anguish at what I now beheld her. I darted round a look of horror at my companions, who seemed like so many fiends exulting in the downfall of an angel; and I felt a horror at myself for being their accomplice.

The captain, always suspicious, saw, with his usual penetration, what was passing within me, and ordered me to go up the ridge of the woods, to keep a look out over the neighbourhood, and await the return of the shepherd. I obeyed, of course, stifling the fury that raged within me, though I felt, for the moment, that he was my most deadly foe.

On my way, however, a ray of reflection came across my mind. I perceived that the captain was but following, with strictness, the terrible laws to which we had sworn fidelity. That the passion by which I had been blinded might, with justice, have been fatal to me, but for this forbearance; that he had penetrated my soul, and had taken precautions, by sending me out of the way, to prevent my committing any excess in my anger. From that instant I felt that I was capable of pardoning him.

Occupied with these thoughts, I arrived at the foot of the mountain. The country was solitary and secure, and in a short time I beheld the shepherd at a distance

crossing the plain. I hastened to meet him. He had obtained nothing. He had found the father plunged in the deepest distress. He had read the letter with violent emotion, and then calming himself with a sudden exertion, he had replied coldly, "My daughter has been dishonoured by those wretches; let her be returned without ransom, or let her die!"

I shuddered at this reply. I knew, according to the laws of our troop, her death was inevitable. Our oaths required it. I felt, nevertheless, that not having been able to have her to myself, I could become her executioner!

The robber again paused with agitation. I sat musing upon his last frightful words, which proved to what excess the passions may be carried when escaped from all moral restraint. There was a horrible verity in this story that reminded me of some of the tragic fictions of Dante.

We now come to a fatal moment, resumed the bandit. After the report of the shepherd, I returned with him, and the chieftain received from his lips the refusal of the father. At a signal, which we all understood, we followed him to some distance from the victim. He there pronounced her sentence of death. Every one stood ready to execute his order, but I interfered. I observed that there was something due to pity as well as to justice. That I was as ready as any one to approve the implacable law, which was to serve as a warning to all those who hesitated to pay the ransoms demanded for our prisoners; but that though the sacrifice was proper, it ought to be made without cruelty. The night is approaching, continued I; she will soon be wrapped in sleep; let her then be despatched. All I now claim on the score of former fondness for her is, let me strike the blow. I will do it as surely, but more tenderly than another. Several raised their voices against my proposition, but the captain imposed silence on them. He told me I might conduct her into a thicket at some distance, and he relied upon my promise.

I hastened to seize upon my prey. There was a forlorn kind of triumph at having at length become her exclusive possessor. I bore her off into the thickest of the forest. She remained in the same state of insensibility or stupor. I was thankful that she did not recollect me, for had she once murmured my name, I should have been overcome. She slept at length in the arms of him who was to poniard her. Many were the conflicts I underwent before I could bring myself to strike the blow. But my heart had become sore by the recent conflicts it had undergone, and I dreaded lest, by procrastinating, I should give time to reflection.

tionation, some other should become her executioner. When her repose had continued for some time, I separated myself gently from her, that I might not disturb her sleep, and seizing suddenly my poniard, plunged it into her bosom. A painful and concentrated murmur, but without any convulsive movement, accompanied her last sigh.—So perished this unfortunate!

*Tales of a Traveller.*

## The Sketch Book.

No. XXI.

### SUPERSTITION.

FROM THE GREEK OF THEOPHRASTUS.

SUPERSTITION is a certain weakness and terror of mind proceeding from unworthy notions of the Deity. The superstitious man, after having washed his hands and sprinkled himself with holy water, carries a bay leaf in his mouth, and would not for the world let it drop till sunset. If a weazel crosses the road he stops short, be his business never so pressing, and will not stir a foot till somebody else has gone before him and broke the omen, or at least till he himself has weakened the prodigy by throwing three stones. If he sees a snake in his house, he is immediately seized with a religious horror, and converts the room where he found it into a chapel. If he discovers a consecrated pillar in a place where several ways meet, he alights off his horse with great devotion, pours oil upon it, and begs a blessing of it. When a mouse happens to gnaw a hole in one of his sacks, he inquires of the soothsayer how he ought to behave himself under such an accident; and though the soothsayer honestly advises him to go home and mend his sack, he still thinks there is something more in the matter, and will never use it again as long as he lives. He is perpetually purging his house with religious ceremonies; and should he chance to walk over a grave, meet a funeral, or sit by a big-bellied woman, would scarce ever enjoy himself after. When he has a dream that he does not know what to make of, he consults all the augurs, wizards, and astrologers in the country, and cannot go to sleep again with any satisfaction till he has found out the god or goddess that put him in such a fright. He goes to the priests of Orpheus every month to get himself initiated into their mysteries, and if his wife is not at leisure to accompany him, marches in the front of several old women, who bring his children after him in their arms. He washes his wise head at every

fountain that falls in his way; and upon extraordinary occasions hires a set of priestesses to come and purify him all over. If he sees a man in a fit of the falling sickness, he has a set form of spitting, which he makes use of very religiously to drive away the infection.

## Scientific Amusements.

No. VII.

### ELECTRICAL RECREATIONS.

#### *The Animated Feather.*

ELECTRIFY a smooth glass tube with a rubber, and hold a small feather (or piece of leaf gold) at a short distance from it. The feather will fly to it, and adhere to it for a short time, and then fly off,—and the tube can never be brought close to the feather, till it touches some body that communicates with the ground, the same side of the feather will be constantly opposite the tube.

#### *The self-raising Pyramid.*

PROVIDE a large circular bundle of different coloured threads, of different lengths, increasing from the circumference to the centre, where they are to be longest.

#### *The Magical Dance.*

FROM the conductor suspend three bells, the two outer by chains, that in the middle by a silk string, while a chain connects it to the floor.—This for Music.

Then suspend a plate of metal, and exactly under it a plate of the same size; on the plate place figures of men, &c. cut in paper of leaf gold, and pretty sharply pointed at both ends.

If a piece of gold be cut with a large angle at one extremity, and a very acute angle at the other, it will want no stand, but will hang by its large angle at a small distance from the conductor.

#### *The Artificial Spider.*

CUT a piece of burnt cork, about the size of a pea, in the form of a spider;—make its legs of linen thread, and put a grain or two of lead into it, to give it more weight; suspend it by a fine line of silk between the arch, and an excited stick of wax.

#### *The marvellous Fountain.*

SUSPEND a vessel of water from the arch, and place in the vessel a capillary syphon. The water will at first issue by drops only; but when the wheel is put in motion, there will be one continual stream of water; and if the electrification be strong, a number of streams will issue

in form of a cone. The stream will appear quite luminous in the dark.

#### *The Magic Picture.*

THIS Picture must have a frame and glass, about two inches off the border of the print to cut off all around.—The upper and under part of the middle of the glass is covered with tinfoil, that communicates with the bottom of the frame: over this tinfoil the print is pasted. Now if the tinfoil on both sides of the glass be moderately electrified, and a person take hold of the bottom of the frame with one hand, so that his fingers touch the tinfoil, and with the other hand endeavour to take off the crown, he will receive a very smart blow, and fail in the attempt. A guinea or a shilling will do as well.

When a ring of persons take a shock among them, the experiment is called—*The Conspirators.*

#### *The Tantalian Cup.*

PLACE a metal cup on a cake of wax, fill it with any sort of liquor, and communicate it to the branch by a small chain; when moderately electrified, desire a person to taste the liquor without touching the cup with his hands.

#### THE MAGICIAN'S CHASE.

##### *The Planetaryrium.*

FROM the branch suspend six concentric hoops of metal, and under them, on a stand, place a metal plate, at the distance of half an inch: then place on the plate, near each hoop, a round glass bubble, blown very light. If the room be darkened, the several glass balls will be beautifully illuminated.

##### *The Incendiaries.*

A PERSON standing on a cake of wax, holds a chain that is connected with the branch, and putting his finger into a dish containing spirits of wine, made warm, it will blaze. Many of the preceding experiments may also be performed by a person standing on a stool, as above, and holding in his hand what was directed to be fastened to the prime conductor.

### **The Gatherer.**

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

### EFFECTS OF GOOD AND BAD ACTIONS.

BY RICHARD FLECKNOE.

Do good with pain—the pleasure in't you'll find;

The pain's soon past, the good remains behind.

So ill with pleasure—this you've for your pains,  
The pleasure passes soon, the ill remains.

### MATRIMONY.

CHIEFS Sue to Will, 'midst matrimonial strife,

"Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife!"

"By all the powers," said Will, "but that's too bad!"

You've curs'd the *only civil hour* we've had."

### RULES FOR PURCHASING A HORSE.

"ONE white foot, buy a horse;

Two white feet, buy a horse;

Three white feet, look well about him;

And four white feet, go without him."

### SHORT DIALOGUE.

A. Pray will you have the complaisance to take my great coat in your carriage to town?

B. With pleasure; but how will you get it again?

A. Oh! very easily: I shall remain in it.

### EPIGRAM.

A would-be shot discouraging with a Judge, declares,

That he one morn ere breakfast time, killed three and thirty hares!

"Indeed! shot three and thirty hares?"

"Yes, truly," looking big,

"Then," says the Judge, "you surely must have fired at a *cat*."

HAMILTON.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE concluding notice of the Sandwich Islands is our next; when we shall give an interesting account of the late King and Queen. The *Orisks*, J. H., F. R. Y., shall also have insertion.

In an early number, *Sappho*, *Pelopides*, *Francisco*, E. C—n, and J. A. G. shall appear.

The idea of the *Constant Reader's Poem* is better than the execution.

Communications have been received from P. C. N., A. A., *Justin*, *John*, *Alfred*, *Snoddy*, *Jac. Webb*.

Surely *Peacocks* is either a lunatic or an unfortunate husband, he lavishes so much against marriage.

The articles alluded to by F. E—y, are not forgotten.

We thank a correspondent for his hint as to the *Guillotine*—we had our eye on the subject.

We will endeavour to oblige *Georgius Novius*.

We assure W. P. that we never doubted the originality of his communication.

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